Fill the Cup Gently

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

Let us see that we keep God before our eyes; that we walk in His ways and seek to please and glorify Him in everything, great and small. Depend upon it, God's work, done in God's way, will never lack God's supplies.

—Hudson Taylor.

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CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

A Flare-Up!

"More Trouble Over the Saar; A Flare-Up in Germany. Hose Pipes Turned on Russian Communists."

These arresting headlines appeared recently in a London daily paper. My mind went at once to God's Word: "See that ye be not troubled." "Let your light so shine . . ." so that you can smile at the flare-up. Students of prophecy may differ on certain points; but we are all privileged to obey our Lord's declaration; "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men . . ."

The light is shining in dark places of Europe. Better than all the hose pipes to drench with water are Bibles and varieties of Scriptures. Satan's flare-ups do not succeed where Gospel light is shining in men's hearts. "Let your light shine!" Send out thousands of Scripture portions and pray for all the missionaries.

Men's hearts are failing with fear, wondering what will happen next. We must encourage one another: "See that ye be not troubled." Think of the founders of this Fellowship. Only a few days ago a letter came from Philadelphia. It was from a home where beloved Pastor Palmer and his noble wife were cared for in their last days. Those friends will have their reward. The martyr-pastor gave his all: Time, strength, money, until he collapsed. He will have a warrior's crown. "Who follows in his train?"

The flare-up alarms in Europe will come suddenly to scare us. But we will sing, "Soldiers of Christ, Arise!" and by our aggressive prayer service and sacrificial gifts we will check the advance of Satan's seductive schemes.

Before our Lord cast out many evil spirits, He retired to a quiet spot for prayer. Luke tells us of a whole night He spent on the mountain-side. Often I feel ashamed at my lack of enthusiasm for the real prayer of faith. God forgive us when excuses are made: "But I'm so busy . . . but . . . but . . . but . . ." O Lord, help us to nail our "buts" to the Cross! God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for Europe's millions in danger of Satan's flare-ups. We need a deep conviction regarding the sin of omission. Will you begin now? God bless you!

Yours in true prayer-fellowship,

F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

Eldon House, Lansdowne, Croydon, England.

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Fill the Cup Gently

by the Rev. WALTER J. GRAIG

A Communion Meditation delivered at Westminster Presbyterian Church, Yonkers, N. Y., May 25, 1952

"I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." —John 16.12.

I invite your thought, as a preparation for the receiving of the Sacrament, to the words which Jesus spoke as recorded in John's Gospel, the sixteenth chapter and the twelfth verse: "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." The setting for these words, of course, is the Upper Room. It is the last night for Jesus with His disciples, before the crucifixion, the night of the institution of the Lord's Supper. And our Lord is interested in bringing to these disciples all that He has on His heart in respect to their mission for the world. And so He says to them, "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, that you might bring forth much fruit."

There is something breath-taking in the idea of God's needing us: that God cannot be complete without us, that Christ cannot accomplish His mission apart from us, that the Kingdom cannot be furthered save as we give ourselves to that phase of the ministry to which Christ has called us in our everyday living—not only in what we say, but in what we do and how we live before the world. And so Jesus, as He institutes the Last Supper, says, "I have chosen you, and I have set you apart, that you might go forth and further My work in the world of men."

And now Jesus strikes a sad note, for He says: "I have many things to say unto you, but you are unable to bear them now." You see, Jesus had answered their questions, He had quieted their fears, He had given them truth which was sufficient to last them for meditation all of their lives. He had given them a great deal of that which He had not spoken of before. Because, if you will read the story of that Upper Room, you will discover that there Jesus unburdened His mind, He opened His heart to those disciples of His. But Jesus was not through. He longed to tell them more. He had so much on His heart, there were not hours enough to unfold it before them. Victor Hugo once exclaimed that he felt that he had never expressed one thousandth part of that which was within him, that which was tugging at his heartstrings and his mind; for he wrote that the shores of time were like a shell in which he heard faintly far-off waves, gently breaking against infinite shores, and whispering of immortal longings. Well, Jesus had walked those shores. He had watched the colorings of the waters along those shores. And He wanted to tell them so much relative to this future life which stretched before them, and opened to them the fulfillment of immortal longings. But, you see, He had to take the disciples as they were. He could not tell them so many things, because they would not have understood, had He told them.

When I get to thinking of this scene in the Upper Room, I can imagine the reluctance with which Jesus passed this pronouncement. How He would have hesitated to tell these disciples that they were not able to receive that which He had to tell them! He must have talked hardly above a whisper when He said, "I'd like to tell you more, but you wouldn't understand." Jesus loved people so intimately. And how gentle He was with them, with

all their failings and all their inability! How gentle He was with the woman taken in sin, how gentle He was with Peter who forsook Him, and finally, how gentle He was with the thief upon the Cross, who in that last moment was reaching forth unto something better than this life had afforded! Jesus, you see, was the very soul of gentleness, and He did not wish to hurt the hearts of men. "A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench." And He wondered how He might tell them that they just were not able to bear all that He had to give them, without hurting them. He must have hated to tell these disciples of their little capacity to receive that which He had to give.

And yet, you know, when one stops to think of it, there is nothing more revealing, on the part of Jesus, of His understanding of human nature, than this. Jesus took human nature as it was, forgiving the faults, and building on what He found there accessible. Do you remember holding a cup under the faucet and turning on the water so hard that it splashed all over, and you found that, with that great avalanche of water, you were not able to fill the cup? Indeed, the water poured forth in such a fountain that the cup was almost knocked from your hand, and when you looked within that cup, you found it only half full. And then you let the water come in gently, and you filled the cup in no time at all.

Well, we are all like cups, aren't we? Our capacities are limited, and if someone tries to fill us too fast, then our lives are empty. We resist being filled. Fathers and mothers, I believe, sometimes (as I look into my own experience) forget this. We just swamp our children with advice and instruction, before they are ready to receive it. We turn on the faucet too hard, and the little teacup not only cannot hold it, but the wisdom that is poured out too fast, as it comes into the cup, goes out again; for capacity depends on time and experience. How far is it, we ask, from childhood to maturity? And we are unable to understand, and sometimes we are unwilling to confess that it is farther than we think.

I remember, in my ministry here at Westminster, once trying to talk to a little girl about death. Her mother had died, and she was mystified and dazed. And the family asked me to tell her why her mother had died, and where her mother had gone. Why was it that the father was left alone with this little brood? And I tried, and perhaps my attitude did more for that little girl than any words I spoke. But all the time I too was wondering, and questioning, and seeking, like a baffled learner in the school of life. And I prayed, "O God, fill the cup gently, that I may be able to understand."

For, you know, there are times when, for all of us, the worst that life has to offer seems to pour in upon us. And we can never quite understand the things that try us, and the temptations that assail us, and the ministry of suffering, and the pain. And God seems to do nothing about it, and we cannot understand. And we listen, in the hope that we can hear the faint intimations from a Heavenly Father, who can use these experiences, we hope, to a great end. And even as the cup is almost knocked from our hands by the force of circumstances, we pray as did Jesus, "Let this cup pass, fill it more gently, O God, that we may be able to understand Thy truth." God has many ways of telling us His truth. And sometimes the trouble with us is that we are so impatient, and we forget that we have the ages to come, for God to whisper within these hearts of ours, when the day breaks and the shadows are pushed back, some of the things that we cannot bear, and some of the things that we can never understand, here and now.

Indeed, I think we can carry this very concept of God into the progressive stage. For, you know, religion is a progressive thing. And we need to

pray often, "Fill the cup gently, O God, that progressively we may understand who Thou art and what Thou art." In the Old Testament He does that very thing. For He reveals Himself to His people as they were ready to receive Him: first a tribal god, then a territorial god, then a national deity. And as we read of His ways with men of old, sometimes we become, as we read that Old Testament record, all confused and uncertain, and sometimes we cannot even find religion as we know it in those experiences of the Old Testament. And then we come to the New, and in Jesus we discover all that God is, and all the measure of God that your life and my life can carry. If we came upon God suddenly, and if we were struck with all the glory of the Infinite, then we would be stricken blind. If the irresistible omnipotence of the Eternal rushed upon us like a torrent, our fragile cups would be crushed to fragments. But then comes Jesus, and gently He fills the cup of life, and we know and we understand.

That is the truth, I think, that is back of that childhood story of the girl's remark when her mother put her to bed in the dark. She wanted a light in the dark, and she wanted her mother to stay beside her. But her mother said to the child, "You mustn't be afraid. Remember, God watches over you." And the little girl said what she ought to have said, and what we all ought to say, "Yes, I know, but I don't want God, I want someone with a face." Someone with a face. Fill the cup gently, O God! And that is just what He has done, for mirrored in quiet fullness we see the glory of the Infinite, in a face that we can not only endure, but love.

And finally, that is our prayer as we come to the Communion Table, and take into these human hands of ours the cup of God's infinite, redeeming grace. Fill the cup gently, O God! For there is something deep and vast and overwhelming about God's suffering for you and for me. It is mysterious, I do not understand it. And there is something too good to be true about the blood that makes us worthy to partake of the bread and the wine. It is too miraculous for my little mind, I cannot take it in. And there is something challenging about taking this cup into my hands and carrying it to others as the purifying medium for a world that has never grown up to the point where it could believe and put into practice Jesus' way of life.

There is an old hymn which we used to sing as children, and which we ought to sing often, and in that hymn there are these words: "Tell me the story simply, that I may take it in." That I may take it in. Fill the cup gently, O God. This Table is the simplest Gospel that I know anything about. It is the Gospel of God's forgiving grace and love, in the broken bread and the poured-out wine. Each time I take the elements into my hand I ought to learn just a little bit more of God's deep concern for me and for all His children. That glorious anthem which was sung this morning for the first time, "I Talked to God Last Night,"—well, if I talked to God last night, then the cup of life ought to be fuller than it was yesterday, and I ought to be a better man because I talked with God last night. And every time I take into my hand this cup, the emblem of God's redeeming love for me, I ought to be a better man. And the cup ought to be more full, and I ought to go forth with more of the love of God in my heart.

Sometimes, as I think of the enormity of Calvary, and all its meaning for you and me, I am all confused and lost, and the cup is knocked from my hand as if by the waters of some mighty Niagara. I am all confused, and I don't know what it is all about, and I don't understand how God could love me so. And then I pray to the Eternal God, "Fill the cup gently, O Christ, that my life may be filled to the brim with water which, springing up within me, shall become a well of salvation to me and to all the world."

An Open Door

den Haag, Netherlands, May 6, 1952.

Dear Dr. Smith:-

Regularly I read in your magazine about all the assistance you are giving to missionary workers on this continent. Often I read the names of Pastor Goetze in Germany and Pastor Oliveira of Lisbon, with whose work we are acquainted. We beg to draw your attention to another European mission field which, as far as I can see, is never mentioned in your magazine. That mission field is Spain. In that country the harvest indeed is plenty, but there are practically no laborers. Notwithstanding they are in great distress, Christians in Spain continue spreading secretly the light of the Gospel. We are supplying with Gospel material a mighty underground army of over a thousand most active Christian workers, who uninterruptedly are witnessing for Christ, risking imprisonment and worse. And the roaring of the Spanish cardinals and the reestablishing of the Spanish Inquisition show that the Jesuits are feeling uneasy, and that the army of unknown workers is indeed producing results.

Everywhere in the world doors are closing for missionary work, but in Spain a door is opening. Spain is one of the very rare cases in which international politics have resulted in opening a door for the Gospel. However, the international situation is daily changing, and this most favorable opportunity may soon be past. That is why we venture to draw your attention to this work, in the hope that you may find it possible to lend some assistance. In case you decide to establish a Spanish branch of your mission, we beg to advise you to enter into contact with (names and addresses followed). Pastor R. has been in Spain for many years, but had to leave the country in consequence of the revolution in 1937. At his present address in France, he has established a Bible School in a very strategic position, near the Spanish border.

This house also serves as a refuge for all the many displaced persons of Spanish nationality who are living there in the Southern department of France, and it means very much for the future of Protestantism to have a large number of these refugees trained as evangelists, who in time will return to Spain. The house might be called the "Cave of Adullam" (I Samuel 22.1.2), where every Spaniard who is discredited by the Roman Catholics finds a refuge. It contains a mixture of people from all classes of society: one of them is an ex-bull-fighter, another a lecturer, a third a doctor of medicine. They have all been banished from their fatherland, from Spain, by the fanatical Roman Catholic clergy. They had to flee for their lives, all choosing to be exiled rather than to live under the heel of the Jesuits. These are the kind of people from among which David recruited his mighty heroes and the chiefs of his subsequent army. Such an underground army of religious workers is being trained in this Bible Center.

In case you feel inclined to contribute to the work of the Institute, please send your material contributions, either money, CARE-parcels or clothing-parcels, especially underwear for men, and also woollen blankets, bed-linen, sheets, covers, etc., to the above-mentioned addresses. May God continue to bless many people through you.

Yours in our Lord's service,

DR. R. H. BORKENT.

Enclosed in Dr. Borkent's letter was a leaflet printed in England, entitled, "Religious Intolerance in Spain, No. 8." It reads, in part, as follows: "On the evening of March the 4th, 1952, a party of 20 Spaniards burst into the Reformed Church of San Basilio, Seville, during choir practice. The minister and his son were immediately knocked down, and the gang proceeded to make a pile of hymn-books and prayer-books on the Communion table. Petrol was then poured over the heap and set on fire amid shouts of 'The Protestants are done for,' by the gang.

"Just five days after, Pedro Cardinal Segura, Archbishop of Seville, issued a Pastoral Letter, not in condemnation of this outrage, but a fierce denunciation of Protestantism. Here are some extracts translated direct from the Spanish: 'We desire to call your attention to a matter of this present moment. The recent passing away of the king of England, who, as is well-known, was the head of Protestantism in that country, occasioned universal expressions of condolence. In consequence of this, a campaign of benevolence towards Protestantism has been initiated; as if all religions were equally acceptable to God. Furthermore, this has brought about an intensifying of Protestantism—which is most grave. . . . The Catholic people have peacefully condescended to live with Protestants while they have limited their activities to the practice of religious worship; but when they attempt to make Spain a mission field, endangering its religious unity by propaganda, the Catholic people are compelled to stand on their guard, and demand the strict enforcement of the law, for the sake of internal peace."

"Whensoever I take my journey into Spain, I will come to you," wrote the Apostle Paul (Romans 15.24). The best tradition has it that he longed all his life to work in that land, but never succeeded. Will the American-European Fellowship fare better? What do our readers think? It rests with you. Dr. Borkent is known to us as a trustworthy worker for the Lord, and we are inclined to look most favorably upon his recommendation. The work described by him is in line with the Fellowship's policy of using trained native workers who are already on the field, speaking the language, knowing the people, and requiring no costly long-distance transportation. But it is you, our readers, who must settle this matter for us. We cannot, as a matter of sound business policy, adventure into new fields at the cost of neglecting our own true and beloved missionaries. Therefore we ask you, humbly and sincerely: Is there room in your hearts for all?

Please—before you decide—read the other missionary letters in this issue, and the special appeals. Then turn back and read Dr. Borkent's letter again, and let the Holy Spirit be your guide.

A Great Evangelistic Crusade

Biel-Mett, Switzerland, February 4, 1952.

Dear Sister Ruth:-

Today your familiar and so welcome letter arrived like a messenger of peace and encouragement. As I read, I feel you have not always been well, and you must have a great burden to do all the work. How well I understand you. In fact, we seriously plan to give up the refugee work which we have now been doing for some seven years. It is growing constantly, and strength does not increase; so we felt some change was just not to be avoided. Just now they are looking for some new and larger quarters in eastern Switzerland, to house the refugee work. We shall then be free to develop the literature

work, which grows constantly too. We stay here, of course, and shall be able to do a more spiritual work: for I must confess, the preparation for Bible hours, Gospel meetings and campaigns was often so overtaxing that I was in hard battles with myself, and after all I felt this was to be a solution. It's no use to work till a breakdown can't be avoided, and often we felt it could not go on as heretofore.

Last month I had two series of Gospel meetings in small mountain villages up in the Bernese Alps. The people are poor, extremely simple in their habits, but exceptionally open to the blessed Word of God. They traveled, in spite of masses of snow, for hours across the hills and mountains. The reception was sincere and deeply appreciated. In a schoolhouse we rented the largest classroom, and it was filled to capacity, so that sleighs were taken into the room to make benches. I myself could not find a place to sit down. I have not experienced anything like it since having left Poland some thirteen years ago.

Since the beginning of this year we have already had an output of some 225,000 Gospel tracts; this by the grace of God and the gifts entrusted to us. Now you can think how grateful we are for the generous remembrance on the part of the friends in Michigan. Just now some eight hundred dollars weigh on our hearts and shoulders, outside the current expenses. From all sides come urgent requests for more and more Gospel literature, and often we just launch out on faith, though our reason tells us not to do it. It seems we can't refuse open doors, for we never know how long they will yet stay open. Our present generation has lived to see a gigantic closing of doors, such as has not happened for dozens of years. Russia closed, China closed, the Mohammedan countries (where only a small crack was open) closed, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Roumania, the Baltic nations, all closed, and half of Germany closed against foreign mission work. There are thousands upon thousands of Christian workers and lay workers, without pay, and without a mission behind them, who gladly labor and give of their free time for the spread of the Gospel, but who gives them the "ammunition" to battle in the front lines?

Surely we never would have it that the boys in Korea would have to look to themselves for the furnishing of rifles and the needed supplies. But why do we Christians do just such things in Christian missions? We expect that each laborer should himself pay for the literature he spreads. In most cases we have poor Christian workers who are not able to pay for the Gospel tracts, but they will make use of every opportunity to spend their time for the Lord. And we should like to supply them, free of charge, with the Gospel literature. I venture to say that tens of thousands of Christian workers are ready, if we supply them with the material to work and testify. Any visible fruit? This morning a brother writes from Germany of some 15 or 20 who professed salvation. We have sent him large supplies to prepare the ground for evangelization. His Word will not return unto Him void.

(April 24th.) We have just been having the annual Bible course in the Oberland. Fifteen young people, seven boys and eight girls, took part. Daily we had some six hours of Bible teaching, besides evening meetings outside. Interchangeably we went through Genesis and the fundamental doctrines of the Holy Scriptures. Daily we began with a session of prayer, and by the end of the course, nearly all of the young folks were taking part in it. This work among the young people has proved most helpful and fruitful throughout the years. I enclose a photograph. A young college teacher who, some years ago, was himself a student among these young people, returned from Africa on furlough, and helped us teach during the first week.

BROTHER STETTLER WITH HIS BIBLE CLASS

In the year 1945, when some 25,000,000 refugees surged westward from eastern Europe, we found ourselves in an awful predicament. Thousands appealed to us for help which we could not give them. Within a short time, friends of Switzerland rushed to aid our urgent needs, and the mission prospered through the good hand of God. It is now the eighth year that we have been taking care of the refugee work, sending every year some sixteen tons of goods out to the needy. Now we found our rooms were inadequate and our strength could not carry on all the other work, so we transferred the refugee work to larger quarters. Within about a month or two our stockrooms will be empty to make room for the Christian literature testimony.

This branch has grown from year to year. We should be opening branch work in France, Germany and Austria. It is comparatively easy to supply about a thousand Christian workers who voluntarily and gladly testify and distribute Christian literature, if we supply them with the Gospel leaflets. Such applications are received daily. We have among them many pensioners, men between 65 and 80, who have much time, and desire to win some souls for the Lord, before they depart to be forever with Him. Some of them do a remarkable work, and report the salvation of souls.

After a winter with record snowfalls, we are so glad spring has come. Just now we have the most beautiful cherry and apple blossoms, but it is around freezing, and rainy weather. We often pray for you. I trust you will be up and well again. How much I should like to have dropped in to visit and help get some of the chores done for you.

(May 20th.) Just now we have 80,000 Gospel tracts in print, and 64,000 I fetched last week. Every week some of the editions are out of stock. I think we have never published a tract or leaflet that we did not get, months and up to six years later, demands for exactly this particular message, because someone was evidently helped and blessed by it. It is uplifting to see how the message circles the globe, and sometimes we see only after years the trail of its blessings. Recently we had opportunity to dispatch quantities of Gospel

literature to Brazil and to Quito in Ecuador. How did they get our address? It started in Poland, and those emigrants, now living scattered around the globe, ask for supplies, and then we send them and sow the good seed.

We have good Christian workers, in the harbors both of Hamburg and Bremen, who visit the transatlantic boats. There we can use English, French, Spanish, Turkish and quite a number of other languages, if we have them. Recently Italian seamen even asked for a Gospel service on board one of their boats. For months at a time they get no Gospel. What a wonderful opportunity to man such strategic points and be able to send the Gospel across the seas! After many days we shall find it, according to the promise of the Word. Up to one hundred ships a month are being visited. Now more than thirty Gospel tents go into action in Germany. Many of them need large quantities of Gospel tracts. We should have millions of these. Here in Switzerland some ten Gospel tents have started to work for the summer. In Austria one Gospel tent goes into action. Remember this great evangelistic crusade all over Europe. What a privilege it is, after so many doors eastward have closed.

It was good to read in your letter that you are feeling fine again. May our God add strength and joy as you handle the business of the Lord. Here things go on as usual. A week ago we had the annual conference, attended by about 600 people. Around Pentecost (June 1st) we are to gather for three days of Bible study and prayer with the young people. The life of Samson and the life of Timothy are to be the subjects of our study. A number of our young folks are interested in missions. One has already served a term of four years in Africa. Another young couple is about to leave for Devil's Island (Guiana). One brother is at the Mission School in Toronto, Canada, and several others are preparing themselves for such work. The conference themes were along missionary lines, to awaken folks in this direction.

Trusting that these lines will find you well and happy in Christ, we greet you in His Name,

FRED STETTLER and family.

Letters from Emigrants

Ludwigsburg, Germany, April, 1952.

Dear Prayer-helpers:-

"Preach the Word; be instant in season, out of season; rebuke, reprove, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine" (II Timothy 4.2). This injunction is at least as much needed today as it was in the days of the Apostle Paul. I do not have to emphasize it to you, who are standing with us in prayer, but we need to uphold it here, seeing the perversion taking hold in the most devout circles, among people wanting to be pious. For that reason we would share with you some of our experiences, and also some results of our efforts under the Lord.

A doctor's wife, now in England, writes: "Here everything is lovely, better than we could ever imagine. Only it is a pity that, in these fine surroundings, we have not the Tuesday evening meetings; we miss them very much. I am conscious, speaking of myself, whom I know best, that there is much evil in my makeup, that I often walk erringly on the way, but believe that the Lord and Saviour is with me and leadeth me. Often I have considered why it was that we had to stay in Germany just so long, not going with the others.

PRIVATE BIBLE STUDY

"Now I know that the Lord would have it thus, and that in it all there was much that was beautiful. For one, that we have met you, and for that I am thankful to the Lord, since you have shown my husband the way to God, which I, though firmly believing, had not been able to do. You told me that the mouth runneth over out of the abundance of the heart. It never was thus with me. I could not express what I deeply felt in my heart. I do not even know how to pray aloud, as you have noticed. It seemed to me that I would profane what my inner being felt, if I expressed it in words. I know it is a certain fault, but perhaps God would have it thus. Thank you, dear pastor, and your kind wife, for what you have done for us. May the Lord give you good health, that you may be able to continue to spread His Word."

This lady considered herself an exemplary Evangelical believer, knows a good deal of the Word, prided herself on her Evangelical descent and activity, and in the beginning took it as a presumption that we would try to tell her anything about the Word. The stultifying excuse, "Perhaps God would have it thus," practically blames Him for all her superficiality. Now she has other interests in her family and those around her, and it was their ardent plea that we might come to see them in England.

The accompanying photograph shows a Bible class in private—that is, this man has a job, and prefers rather to pay exorbitant rent, than to live in the camp. It is no joy to live among brawls and drunkenness, therefore these people would sooner save on food, to be able to live as human beings. I am sorry to say, the camp life makes "bums" of many hopeful people. Note how tiny the room is. Should you have any trouble identifying us, I am at the extreme left, and Edna is the second from the right.

A man writes us from Nebraska, with whom we had a curious experience last year: he, in conjunction with the Y.M.C.A. leader, excluded us from a service which they declared was exclusively for their members. He was "converted" to the Evangelical religion, and led their meetings. His own brother was scorning his efforts to convert him. But it did not take long for us to present the Word to that brother so that he believed, with his wife. They are now in Texas, with their two young children. After they left, the "Evangelical" began to come to our meetings. Now he writes: "If I had stayed under the former leaders, I would have remained spiritually crippled. Though I was converted previously, it was only through your presenting the Truth, that I came to the assurance of salvation. Now I would not for anything have that Holy thing taken out of my heart. Tell the people there to hurry, so as not to miss the last chance they may have." He so dominated his

young wife that she merely nodded agreement to what he said she should believe. Now she sees the Truth for herself. They have three small children, and had a difficult voyage across the Atlantic, lasting nineteen days, three of which they just "stood by" that ill-fated "Flying Enterprise." It certainly was a hard testing to be "wallowing" on the high seas for three days. The effort at a Sunday service was thwarted by useless loud-speaker announcements by the Romanist police chief aboard the ship.

Then there is a certain couple, now in Virginia. The only time they came to our meeting was with two "holy pictures" to have them "blessed." Of course, we did not bless the pictures, but evidently the souls got a blessing, because they seem to cling to us and to our advice. We had only one more chance to speak to them, for about two hours the following night, as the next day they left on the transport. Lately they complain that, whereas formerly they were taken to the church every Sunday, now they had to wait three months, to get to church on Palm Sunday. The boss on the farm took the tractor and went ploughing on Sunday, though during the week he did nothing but loaf around. This couple went across under the protection of the Roman Catholics, without making a profession of faith before. It would do no good to try to hasten them, so long as they do not have their hearts fully touched. Evidently they heed what we write them, and desire us to write often. Please remember them in prayer.

Not everybody's lot falls in such pleasant places as that of a young joiner, who was scheduled for farm work. But coming to Canada around Christmas, he was permitted to take a job at his trade, and is well pleased. Spiritually he enjoys the messages we write him, but himself admits his poor writing, thus failing to give us fair comprehension how he progresses in his heart. In the Slovakia districts the teaching was rather poor, and so people from that section just take in, but do not give out. Yet it is not hopeless, as seen in the next case.

This family went to Iowa, but not without trials. When they reached their destination, the mother fell sick, had to be taken to a hospital about two hundred miles distant, and so for a month the family was broken up. Speaking of their not having written for so long, the oldest son, also a poor writer, says: "I can just hear Mr. Lukesh saying: The T. family are just such heathen as the others!" That, to come from one who prided himself on his Evangelical upbringing, is quite a concession. The further tenor of the letter shows that the messages they heard did not fall on stony ground, at least with that boy of twenty-three, and with his mother. The younger boy, twenty-one, has been dragged into "sport" and has less appreciation of God's grace. It will take upholding them in prayer and feeding them by letters, to show up reality in heart. Considering how disheartening the beginning with them was, we feel encouraged. Thank you for your continued upholding in prayer.

Yours by Grace,

CHARLES and EDNA LUKESH.

In a Fiery Furnace

Tel-Aviv, Israel, April, 1952.

Here the winter is past, and we are now entering the hot season of the year. The heat will grow more intense, attaining its maximum by the end of June, and continuing so until the rainy season begins in November. And it is not only the intense heat, which a European can imagine, for in Europe, too,

there are very hot days in the middle of summer; but here in Palestine, on the shores of the Mediterranean (on the mountains it is a little better), not only is it hot all the time, but the air is unbearably oppressive, it does not move at all; the air is white-hot and still, the leaves on the trees hang motionless, the cobweb does not sway, and there is not a drop of rain. The sea brings no refreshment, for heavy mists are rising from it. And so it goes on day after day, and at night there is no relief, for many months. There is not enough air to breathe. At night all the windows are open, but there is no draught, and you cannot sleep; you lie on your bed, bathed in sweat, feeling as a fish perhaps does when it is thrown on the shore. The blazing hot stone houses and asphalt streets, which by day receive the direct embrace of the sun, certainly do not help to cool the air at night. If on a summer night you happen to pass along the streets of this town, you will see everywhere gaping black holes in the houses; these are the open windows and doors on every floor, in houses where the lights are already out. Through these black holes the unfortunate victims of this great tropical city are trying to breathe. Have you ever seen a fish cast up on the shore, opening and closing its gills, struggling to take in the air? These dark windows, opened in the houses at night, always make me think of the gasping fish.

Morning comes, bringing with it no relief. Sighing and moaning, you leave your fevered couch, and begin a day of intensive work. A great many patients come; the number of them is two or three times as great as in the winter. The body, enfeebled and worn out by the heat, can no longer contend and endure, but goes down before the slightest attack of this or that disease. I have noticed here the extreme violence of those diseases caused by the *coccus*, a microorganism which produces pus and inflammation. That is why we always ask, in the summer, for an increase in the amount of penicillin sent us. We are thankful to the donors, and to Dr. Smith, that these requests have always received a favorable answer.

But it is not only penicillin in the literal sense that we need. Every summer we ask to be supplied with another and much more necessary kind of "spiritual penicillin." I am thinking of the prayers of His saints. I have written of this before. In the summer the staff of the clinic also suffers physically, grows weak and faint, and becoming "patients" ourselves, we can no longer help others. Not long ago our Nurse Naumenko suddenly fell in a faint, in the midst of her work with the patients. Therefore we ask our dear readers to pray for us. Our Lord is not only the King of Kings, but also Physician of Physicians. Pray for the work. In the summer, having more patients, we have more opportunities to testify of Him.

Furthermore, I want to tell our readers something of the surroundings in which the work of the Clinic is carried on. This is a subject for prayer. Four and a half years ago, when we had to move in haste to a new place of work, because the earlier Clinic had been destroyed (we had suddenly found ourselves in the front line of battle), we found ourselves in a place where the outward conditions of our work were very unfavorable. In the same house were domiciled fugitives from the suburbs of Tel-Aviv bordering on Jaffa, where the fighting was going on; they were wild people, dirty, very hostile in their attitude toward us, because we are Christians. They poured their filth from the upper story on the heads of the patients who were coming to the Clinic; when the latter protested, they shouted to them from above, that this was no place for a Clinic, and that the patients should not come. In front of the doors, where the patients wait for the Clinic to open, they hung up filthy mattresses and rags, and before the entrance to the Clinic there was always an absolute sea of filth. There was a terrible stench and

smell of decaying garbage in the extreme heat, and through the open door this smell penetrated the quarters of the Clinic itself. We appealed several times to the Government, but the authorities were afraid to meddle with these wild people. We asked Dr. Smith to help us. She wrote several times to the Israeli Consulate in Washington, and to the Mayor of Tel-Aviv. The situation was somewhat improved, and has remained in this state to the present time. Lately we notice that it is growing worse again. And this is in spite of the fact that a large number of these people have at some time turned to the Clinic for medical aid, and we have willingly given them help, and have supplied them with medicines free.

Satan especially hates our Sabbath meetings for the patients, when the Name of Christ is preached in the Clinic. At that time, when the Gospel is being preached inside, there is another kind of "meeting" being held by these people of the house outside, at the very doors. Cries, songs, fights, laughter, curses, are all made as loud as possible, purposely in order to disturb the meeting. Requests for a little more quiet are of no avail. Many times we have been compelled to close the door of the Clinic because of the noise, and to hold our meeting with closed doors, and this in spite of the terrible heat and stuffiness inside.

One neighbor on the same floor, whose children we have several times cured, was especially hostile to us. When we closed the door because of the noise, she would stand outside it and drive away the patients who were coming, persuading them not to go into the meeting at the Clinic. This was a special machination of Satan. Prayer helped. After some kind of family brawl, in which a real "fight" took place, her husband drove her out, and she disappeared entirely from the house. But the others remain, and the hindrances continue. Besides the grown-ups, the children congregate outside the doors on Saturday and play wild games, and the noise is so great that we can hardly hear the preacher. Today, during the meeting, they began a game with knives, throwing them up into the air, right over the heads of the arriving patients. It was His mercy that none of the knives fell on anyone's head. Before every meeting we pray that the Lord may restrain these dark powers which are harming His work. I write about this in order that you, dear readers, may make it an object of fervent prayer. The only one who can contend with these unseen but real powers, so hostile to Christ, is the One who is more powerful than they are, that is, the Lord Himself.

But, from another viewpoint. we see the propitious hand of God in His work. For one thing, the patients, in spite of the terrible surroundings of the Clinic, still keep coming, throughout the year, in large numbers, which shows that this is the Lord's work and is pleasing to Him. Many of the patients say to us: "What a terrible approach to your Clinic, what a lot of filth around it!" That is true, but what can we do? And yet these patients keep on coming, and they come in such a way that it seems as if someone were drawing them here. It must be noted that there is no other place in Jaffa, or Tel-Aviv, or elsewhere in Israel, where Gospel meetings can be held on such a scale. I remember how Brother Ostrovsky once burst forth in prayer: "O Lord, this is all that this great and beautiful city of Tel-Aviv has to offer Thee, only this filthy little corner!"

Yes, that is true, there is no place for Christ in Tel-Aviv, but the Lord is on His throne, and in this filthy little corner He deigns to bless His work. One must live here, in order to understand this especial mercy of God. At every Sabbath meeting I have a special feeling that Christ, invisible but truly present, as two thousand years ago, is summoning Israel to repentance. And eternity alone will reveal the significance, for the Kingdom of God, of the work done in this Clinic, in this filthy corner of the beautiful city of Tel-Aviv.

JAMES YUK.

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS, April and May, 1952

(The First National Bank in Yonkers is depositary for all gifts. Contributions to the Fellowship are deductible from Federal income tax returns.)

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35686---10.00 35712---75.00 35738----5.00 35764---75.00
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35696----5.00 35722---10.00 35748---20.00 35774----1.00
35697----1.00 35723----5.00 35749----5.00 35775---10.00
35698---10.00 35724----5.00 35750----2.00 35776---10.00
35699---10.00 35725---10.00 35751---15.00 35777---10.00
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35703---50.00 35729---35.00 35755---50.00 35781---35.00
35704----3.00 35730---10.00 35756----5.00 35782----3.00
35705---10.00 35731---50.00 35757---13.25 35783---12.00
35706---10.00 35732--250.00 35758---75.00 35784----1.00
35707---75.00 35733---15.00 35759----1.00 35785----6.00
35708----1.00 35734----5.00 35760----5.00 35786----5.00
35709--100.00 35735---48.85 35761---10.00 35787---50.00
35710---25.00 35736----5.00 35762----5.00 35788---10.00

These, Too, Are Wonderful

GRATITUDE from a dear friend of the Fellowship, to whom we had sent certain items unobtainable in England: "Greetings in His Name. CARE parcel arrived today. Many thanks! It will be shared by needy ones, and also to help some in dark Europe. Good news comes from Brother Stettler and others. The clouds are dark in some parts, but the sunshine of His Love is filling many hearts.—F. SPENCER JOHNSON."

LOVE for us in the heart of a faithful friend and contributor overseas: "I am fairly busy here, but there are days when I am free, and then I think that I could be helping you sort clothes and do odd, but loving jobs for the Lord in the Fellowship. Soon we begin the school for the Japanese brides. We do not condone these marriages, but they are accomplished facts, and it does seem that we should do what we can to help them get adjusted to the kind of life they can only imagine awaits them. It is a pitiful thing to see them as they watch the gap of water increase between them and the only life they have known, as the ships pull out of the harbor at Yokohama. The old parents, weeping and waving, are a heartbreaking sight."

COURAGE in the spirit of a bereaved mother, for whom a friend writes: "Mrs. R. has had to return to the hospital for another operation, but not as serious as the previous one. Again she is able to be up some each day. Her faith is still triumphant, and also her husband's. She always remembers to give me the money for your work. She told me recently that when she thought of heaven and Bill's face came before her, she remembered the verse, 'Whom